# The Art Of Seduction

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# The Art Of Seduction

by HyphenL


## Summary

Hannibal is pretty sure Will has a thing for him, which he'd like to confirm. Though it would appear he is not as skilled in the art of seduction as he thought...


## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal was curious.

Since he had discovered Will Graham had a little something for him, he wondered how to use that specific piece of information to play around with his patient's mind.

Could he use it to unveil Will's hidden potential? The more Will would care about and trust his therapist, the easier it would be to push him in the right direction.

He wasn't very fond of sex himself –such an inelegant activity– but guessed Graham wasn't impervious to it. He could discreetly use touches of sensuality to distract him in the context of his therapy and make him more malleable. After all, sex was a renowned drive for the human adult.

However, he had to be absolutely sure of Graham's inclination towards him before trying anything, especially since he didn't actually enjoyed being involved in... romantic matters.

So he would test, either confirm or deny his theory, then put it to good use.

After all, how difficult could it be?

*It could be impossible*, Hannibal mumbled for himself, looking at Will in an almost pouty way.

“I'm sorry, what?” Graham asked while handing him a paper handkerchief to help him clean the watery mess he'd made. “Uh, I think your phone was flooded. Put it in a bag of rice, maybe?”

Hannibal winced.

This hadn't started well.

He had greeted Will with the usual handshake, though keeping his hand just a moment longer than courtesy allowed, and smiling to him a bit wider than he used to.

Graham had said “Hi!” and “Can I use the toilet?” before entering. Rude.

After his return, Hannibal had been pleased to inform him they would be having fresh oysters and–

“Oysters? I'm sorry Dr Lecter I don't eat them. But I'll be fine with a large glass of water if you have it.”

Hannibal swallowed. “Of course Will. Please make yourself at home.”

Graham had thus proceeded to put his dirty shoes on his oriental carpet. Hannibal had thought about Vienna and its beautiful boulevards to calm himself down.

When he had come back, carrying both an elegant glass of water and a Baccarat crystal carafe, he had tripped on Will's fallen jacket.

*He*. Had. *Tripped*.

And spilled water all over.

“Here, let me, you have some on your shirt.”

This could not have gone worse.

With an interior sigh, Hannibal let Will crumple his shirt with an handkerchief in hand to adsorb some of the water away.

“I'm sorry” Will said (he'd better be!). “I should've been more careful with that jacket.”

“It's alright” Hannibal lied, his upper lip slightly rising up in disdain. “I should go change.”

“It's just water, it will dry off.”

*Maybe, but it's not decent*, Hannibal thought –then remembered Will couldn't care less about his own clothing.

Looking at his slightly crumpled shirt, he sighed.

“Fine” he conceded.

“You're bleeding.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Your hand” Will took him by the wrist, where a superficial cut was dripping blood. Looking around, he noticed the broken Baccarat carafe.

Hannibal sighed. “I will be taking care of that, if you allow me a moment.”

“Of course” Will said.

When Hannibal came back, Graham had put the broken glass away in a plastic bag and was sponging the rest of the water.

So far, so good; he had only seen Hannibal tripping, cutting himself and offering him a dish he distasted. Oh, the art of seduction! Ovid would have been so proud of him.

He mumbled.

“I'm sorry, what?” Graham asked. “Uh, I think your phone was flooded. Put it in a bag of rice, maybe?”

Hannibal took the watered device and looked at it with frowned brows.

He was pouting, though unwillingly, and Will couldn't keep his eyes away from that slightly disdainful mouth. His nostrils flared in contained anger while he tried to master his emotions and appear as collected as ever.

In a way, he was being cute.

“I apologise for the mess” Hannibal said courteously. “I will be fetching you another glass of water.”

“Hannibal, it's fine” Will said, putting a hand on his arm to reassure him. “If you want, we could skip the appetizer and go straight to diner, what do you say?”

Will was very close to him, and his hand warm against his arm. He could almost count the lines in his blue eyes, dripping from all the pity.

“As you wish” he answered coldly, going back to the kitchen, quite vexed.

He heard Graham softly laugh in his back and frowned his nose.

He was pretty sure by then that he had been mistaken, and that Graham had not nurtured anything other than friendship towards him, which reassured him in a way.

He hated to admit it, but seduction in nowadays crude world wasn't his *forte*.

Oh, he could charm anybody, but downright entice? That wasn't easy when one wanted to stay in good taste.

So he went to that room of his Mind Palace he had dedicated to Will Graham and cleanly stroke down the line “attracted to his therapist” in his Great Book Of All Graham Things.

*

“Will! I... wasn't expecting you” Hannibal said, looking surprised in the frame of his office door.

“I know, and I'm not here to stay” William answered, while handing him a tastefully wrapped package. “I just came to give you this.”

Hannibal's lower lip advanced slightly.

He was curious, and Graham smiled.

“This is very generous of you, Will” he said while accepting the present. “Do you wish to come in?”

“Uh, no, thanks” Graham answered. “I know you're busy, I was just dropping by. But I'll see you later, anyway.”

*What a delicate attention*, Hannibal thought, his slender fingers elegantly unwrapping his present.

“Do you want me to hold it?” Will asked.

“It's fine, let us just come in for a moment”.

They sat in front of the coffee table, and Will could observe Hannibal in his natural habitat, curiously unwrapping the gift with care and attention.

Next time he was going to make him a present, Graham would just wrap it in lots of useless paper. Lecter's face was priceless.

From this angle, he could take in all the tiny details, Hannibal's attentive gaze, the crease of winkles at the corner of his eyes, the sharp lines of his nose and that small indenture at the root of it, strands of hair falling on his forehead.

Hannibal had finished unwrapping, and was now looking straight at Will's eyes –back at the present– back at Will.

“This is a beautiful gift” he simply said.

“Oh well, I figured you couldn't very well use the older, more broken one” Graham smiled.

Hannibal carefully removed the crystal cork to inhale the vapours of golden liquid trembling in the carafe, eye closed. He stilled.

“Château d'Yquem, *cuvée de quatre vingt seize*” he murmured. “This must have been expensive.”

“What can I say, the FBI pays me well” Will smiled. “Is the wine alright by you? I'm not quite a connoisseur, so I figured I'd just go for the best.”

“Oh Will, I am quite unworthy of such a gift. I cannot accept it unless you agree to taste it with me.”

Graham smirked. “I won't keep you long.”

Hannibal seemed genuinely happy, probably because he was such a gourmand little boy at heart about to eat a treat.

He got up with a smile, looking for two splendid wine glasses to honour such a *grand cru*. He served Will then himself, lamenting his lack of proper accompaniment, and already inviting him over for a diner through which he would properly pay his respect to the wine.

Will Graham found it both quite ridiculous and endearing. The man had a huge grin plastered to his face, and recounted merely his stay in France, talking about French wines, vineyards

and *cuisine*.

Will looked at him when he stopped speaking to taste the wine, first smelling it with his eyes closed, then stilling after taking a first swallow to appreciate its full aroma. He then looked back at Will, who was far too occupied watching him to notice.

Graham was smiling contentedly, an amused look on his unpolished, yet delicate features. He had barely touched his glass, apparently more satisfied with listening to Hannibal's stories.

Which was quite a compliment; after all, the wine was very good.

Hannibal had planned to spend the afternoon reading Nietzsche or learning how to speak Somali while listening to Hildegard von Bingen –but he was actually enjoying Will's presence, and felt a tad disappointed when the younger man had to take his leave.

“Though I will be more than happy to join you for diner later on” he assured him.

Hannibal watched him move away from his doorstep.

Will heard a soft sigh slip away from the sensuous lips behind his back, and couldn't help a smile.

End Notes

Château d'Yquem, cuvée de quatre vingt seize: made in 1996 (French)

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